

VOLUME CXXXVII—No. 32. NEWPORT, R. I. JANUARY 19, 1895. WHOLE NUMBER 7,737.

ls, who was the ruler of Chalchicomula, took his brethren, and sent his son P. Aliphan to Aristobulus's wife, and her to send back with him her sons, and her daughters; the which whose name was Alexander. Aliphan fell in love with, and though afterward his father allowed him, and married Alexander and continued to take care of them.

To be continued.

Jeter's 20th Anniversary.

Sunday was an interesting day at Shiloh Baptist church. It was marked by the pastor's twentieth anniversary, and Mr. Jeter preached his moving words to one generation away and another generation near, but the earth abideth for ever (Ezek. 1-4).

Speaking of the number of years marked the generations in the past, that twenty years are considered a generation in this nineteenth century and that he had seen a generation pass away and a generation come into his pastorate with the Shiloh church. It seemed altogether providential that the pastor should be long with one church and in his life be to come from the seminary in Washington here with the inten-

of the number of times that others were opened when he tried to way from Newport, but God led to order him to remain. Afterward to the condition of the church he took charge, twenty years ago. He succeeded that had attended the of pastor and people, he said: "I have known that I have been first and our church as pastor, among them are these: The church as pastor had had any trouble, members who had the welfare of church at heart, men who are self and want to rule the whole church, included, are the men that give church of God trouble. The church be afraid of a man who is very us to carry the tag. Judas of old loves for the thirty pieces of than he had for Christ." Pastor said a high tribute to Deacon F. Ward, the treasurer of the Shiloh church, who he said might be expected to be a municipality and who had been the pastor of the church nearly twenty years. The church's money he added, was in his hands. The church of said, the pastor, should be conducted on pure business principles, and every member should know about every thing that pertains to

Ministers in our churches think that the duty of the pastor is to preach the Gospel and make no inquiry about the people and that it is the duty of the members to give it when called for.

vidence in the object. The reason who have the cause of Christ will give the money when they want it is coming for. If successful evidence of God's favor, continuing the speaker, then this church has the favor of God. During these twenty years there have been raised for building and improvements \$8,000.70, the church raising \$5,283 of said amount, the whole friends of the church, of whom spend the summer here. The church has given for benevolence during their first years \$1,428 and during this year \$1,600 has been contributed for the church, the interest of which is used annually for the church Sunday school. There is connected with the church a ladies' social circle, which is a great financial blessing to the church, and also a beneficial society looks after the sick and burials dead, paying \$1 per week for sickness and \$10 in case of death. It is also a ladies' aid society, with members and is a \$174 to each of the several jails made, \$510; summa, \$100; total, 1,738; baptisms, 111; funerals, 100; marriages, 45.

The pastor closed by encouraging the church to be faithful, saying, "The trials and sufferings we have had here because we took a stand against the wrong; we can afford to suffer for the sake of Christ and the church."

MIDDLETOWN.

The death of Mrs. Ruth Whitman on last Monday was received with surprise. It was not generally known that she was suffering from illness and her decease was wholly unexpected. Her departure was preceded by a brief sickness, not regarded as critical or fatal up to a period before death ensued. Mrs. Whitman was the daughter of Hicks and formerly of Portsmouth. Her husband Charles Whitman died in June, nearly thirty years ago. Her only

son, who was a member, with whom she lives on Prospect avenue. She was a woman of sterling character quiet and unassuming. She understood and loved the most of every household economy and to a good degree exemplified and illustrated the virtues and characteristics of a true wife and mother.

and Jurors Charles A. Wyatt and William W. H. Peckham have been selected as Grand Jurors to attend on Monday, the January Term of the Common Pleas Division of the Supreme Court.

The alterations on the Town Hall began in the early part of November, and are progressing slowly and the Hall is yet unfinished. By reason of which the next meeting of the Town Council on Monday, the January Term of the Town Clerk's office on the West Town Road on Monday next beginning at 10 o'clock.

Captains Daniel T. Church and Joseph Wm. A. Brightman and Isaac Brown, of Tiverton, returned yesterday morning from New York where they have been attending the annual meeting of the National Fishermen's Association.

Congressman-elect Bull will go to New York the last of this month for his first stay.

The Training Ship Essex sailed for San Bernardino, West Indies, Thursday morning.

A DESERT CLAIM.

By MARY E. STICKNEY.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

Thanks to that opportune use of the telephone, it was but a little after 9 o'clock when the team rattled across the bridge at Big Cove creek, and Nelsine, like a wraith in her white gown, came flying down from the house.

"Edith, it is really you? Oh, you dear, dreadful girl! What a fright you have given us! How could you do such a crazy thing? I was sure you would be lost, and I was perfectly frantic. When Mrs. Campbell came and told me, I didn't know what to do. I simply walked the floor and wrung my hands." She had the girl in her arms now and was laughing and crying together in a joyous excitement which filled Edith with dull surprise. She had not guessed that she had such a place in Nelsine's heart. "Hush, hush! Keep only a few minutes ago, and when I told him what you had done he almost swooned. He did indeed. He wanted to start right off after you. You would have met him had you been five minutes later, but I insisted that he should have supper first. He had been in the saddle all day, you know, and who could say where and when he was going to find you?"

Edith stood still, staring fully toward that open door of the bunkhouse, where a light glowed feebly. "I have brought the doctor. It is not too late," she half-whispered, a choke in her voice.

"And this is the doctor," cried Mrs. Ellery, extending her pretty hand, with a beaming smile which made that impressionable young man, her slave from that hour. She was gregarious to her finger tips, this lady of K's ranch, and in her hunger for society of some sort it was questionable whether she would not have been with that same ravishing smile had she been called to welcome the devil himself, hoofs, horns and all, but, this happily the charmed man now gratefully pressing her small hand could not have guessed. "Dr. —?"

Edith went on interjectively glancing at Nelsine for the introduction which had been forgotten.

"My name is Wright, Mrs. Ellery," the young man said, with a glance of such frank admiration as he had never dreamed of bestowing on the younger lady, whose listless dignity and poise, coupled with her modesty and reserve, impressed. Hugh Ellery had come out from the house, for the moment monopolized by Mr. Blythe and Tom Tregent, who were full of eager questions as to the lost horses, and now, while Mrs. Ellery went on to greet these others, he came over to his sister, a note of earnestness in his laughing complaint.

"Well, reverently speaking, you are a nice girl!" giving her a little shake, his hands resting caressingly on either shoulder. "Flying off on a wild goose chase across a country where even the geese fairly require a compass to keep to the right course. To say nothing of taking chances on your own account sufficient to warrant a straitjacket, here you have deliberately spoiled the best appetite I ever had in my life. Don't you know, you headless girl, that every time you start a man's heart to beating out of the normal you are deliberately driving nails in his coffin! And what right have you to cut short a good brother's days in this fashion? What have you to say for yourself?"

"Oh, her, 'admirable' speaker than words," laughed Mrs. Ellery, affectionately clasping the girl's cold hand. "She has brought the doctor to counteract all ill-effects—this is, if it is really a true as your live doctor," she added, with a laughing glance at him. "It is by no means 'admirable' fixed yet in my mind, I must confess, for how Miss Ellery could have supposed to fetch you so soon without the aid of magic is something which I shall have to have explained to me later. I will try to restrain my curiosity, however, until you have had some supper, for you must all be starving. Do come right in."

"But how is my patient?" asked Dr. Wright, somewhat surprised at this unprofessional greeting.

Edith stood still, her eyes fixed with a glance of terror upon that open door across the lawn, behind which an ominous silence seemed to reign. She knew Nelsine too well to imagine that even death, if it robbed her of some of her heart's dearest, could long depress her lively temperament. With a sound digestion and not too much feeling, Nelsine could always be comfortably philosophical as to the ills which did not touch her personal happiness. "He is dead!" the girl hoarsely exclaimed, clasping her hands convulsively together.

"He may be dead—drunk, if one may be pardoned for saying so," laughed Hugh amiably. "I think little of the venom actually got into the ankle. Naturally the stocking absorbed some of it, and, happily for poor Brown, we have a heroine on the place."

"Artificial! Only fancy!" cried Nelsine, who dearly loved to tell exciting news herself. "She deliberately put her lips to the wound and sucked out the poison. Was it not heroic—and disgusting?"

"But nothing could have been more possible," put in the doctor appreciatively. "She was in no danger. The poison of serpents is innocuous in the month unless there should happen to be some cut or abrasion, and I dare say the presence of mind of this person saved the man's life."

"With the whisky which they have been pouring down his throat all day," added Ellery, laughing carelessly. "Would you like to take a look at him before supper, doctor? I dare say there is nothing you need do, and it will not detain you long."

"Oh, let's go and shake with him anyhow, poor old case," put in Blythe, with affectionate interest in his sometimes comical, promptly leading the way toward the bunkhouse.

"And so it was Artissima who saved his life," remarked Edith, with a queer staccato burst of laughter, as she followed Nelsine into the house.

"It was horrible! It made me fairly sick," returned the doctor, glancing back,

with a shudder, "but then"—she admitted tentatively, "it was grand in its way. I should hardly have thought her capable of it."

"There are times when we are capable of anything," muttered Edith moodily, sinking into the nearest chair. "Oh, how tired I am! I am simply dead!"

"You poor, dear child!" tenderly removing her hat. "To think of your doing such a thing merely for one of the men! But it was just like your impulsive unselfishness. Self preservation has nothing to do with the laws of your nature. You would let yourself be burned at the stake without a whimper if it seemed to you your duty. You are the most generous, self-sacrificing!"

"Oh, don't!" murmured Edith miserably, covering her face with her hands.



"Oh, don't!" murmured Edith miserably. "I am a fool, an utter fool, and I only wish the fool killer would appear at the door this minute."

"You are an angel, only human enough to be half starved and all worn out," rejoined the other soothingly. "Sit right there, dearie, and don't move until I bring you a cup of tea."

"I don't want anything. I cannot eat," the girl listlessly protested as Nelsine bustled about arranging a dainty little supper. "They gave me such a lunch at Cameron's. They opened all the canned things they had on the place. I think, but I could not eat. I was not hungry."

"Then don't dare to offer that as an excuse for not eating now, you unreasonably woman. Do take some tea at least, dear," holding out the cup, with a glance of tender coaxing. "Of course you must be half dead."

"And to think that I might have spared myself all the worry and all that wild goose chase, as Hugh calls it, to think that while I was flying across the country, merely proving what foolishness I could be capable of, Artissima was quietly saving the man's life by the simple magic of common sense! When I think how wild I was—and all for nothing—ah, it is such a joke, Nelsine, is it not? Did you ever hear of anything funnier?"

Laughing in wild merriment until hysterical tears were pouring down her cheeks. "Oh, why don't you laugh, Nelsine? Such a joke!"

"Poor girl! It may become a serious joke for you if you don't eat something. You will make yourself ill, Edith," tenderly stroking her hair as she stood over her. "Try to be calmer, dear."

"Oh, I am calm as a summer's morning. And I am waiting to hear all about it. I want all the details of the joke. What did he say when she saved his life in such romantic fashion? Did he fall on his knees and cry, 'My preserver, my preserver! What should one say when one's life is saved? So far as I remember, I said nothing at all.'"

"So far as I know, the horse trainer said no more," replied Nelsine dryly, yet hoping perhaps to divert the girl from her unnatural hilarity. "To tell you the truth, whether it was loquacious or embarrassed, whatever the cause, I thought the fellow behaved rather shabbily. But men take everything for granted when women are in love with them. I presume he will be graciously pleased to reward her devotion by allowing her to lay down the rest of her life for him, and I shall have the small satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so,' while I am looking up another girl."

"Without doubt. What could be more proper? It is only a pity that I could not have known, so that I might have brought a minister instead of a doctor. Perhaps they will allow me to send one back from Cheyenne tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! What do you mean?" cried Nelsine, with a startled stare, for the moment convinced that the girl had taken leave of her senses.

"I told Mr. Blythe that I would go back with him. He will be taking the doctor back to Hereford City tomorrow, you know."

"But for you to think of going with him! Why, Edith, my dear, dear girl, what can you mean? Surely you are not?"

"Oh, don't you see?" peevishly interrupting the storm of expostulation ready to issue from the other's parted lips. "I was going in a few days anyway, and this will save you the long drive to Hereford City. With all the trouble about the horses, I am sure Hugh will regard the opportunity as fairly providential. A day or two longer here would hardly count for much against such a saving of time and trouble, and you will not waste breath to oppose the scheme, Nelsine, for I am perfectly determined upon going. There was that in her tone which showed she meant all she said."

"Well, perhaps you are right," admitted Mrs. Ellery reluctantly, as though yielding to the inevitable with what grace she might. "But with so much happening at once—oh, dear, what will come next?"

"Oh, don't make it a serial story, to be continued in our next," cried Edith, laughing rather crazily as she gathered up her hat and gloves, moving toward her room. "It will be like the core of the little boy's apple, Nelsine. There won't be any next."

CHAPTER XII.

Mrs. Hallet, widow of the late Richard Hallet, lawyer and politician, possessed one of the most beautiful homes in that metropolis of residence quarters, the City of Denver, but it had a more romantic history than that of the city itself.

"Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria."

school to be found there save when our journeys elsewhere had so clogged her footsteps with accumulations of bric-a-brac that she was fairly driven back to this delightful dumping ground to disencumber herself. Certain it was that since the death of her husband, following soon after the birth of their only child, some three years before, the wood-paneled climbing the walls had had the handsome graystone structure very much to itself, the fair mistress of the mansion, as often as she returned, coming over seized with a new restlessness impelling her toward another departure.

There were those to remark that Barbara Hallet's evident lack of love for her home might be due to the fact that for her perhaps the place was peopled with a company of ghosts she would fain escape. It was generally understood that her married life had been unhappy, her husband having been notoriously untrue to her, but for whatever sins of omission or commission Dick Hallet might have been guilty of toward his wife he had made what atonement he might by opportunity dying, and now it appeared that the lady must be unreasonable indeed if she imagined any cause for complaint in a lot so fair. She was young, charming in person and manner, and, as might have been expected, greatly admired and sought after, with wealth sufficient to gratify every reasonable desire, while she had her beautiful boy to give breadth and purpose to her life.

"But we were perishing with ennui, baby and I," she gayly declared when she was making Edith Ellery welcome in the prettiest guest chamber, one whose windows looked across a wooded sea of roofs ruffled with waves of swaying tree tops, across the vast sea of plateaus beyond, bare and brown as a beach at low tide, on to the royal mountain range lost in the blue mists of the horizon line at north and south, that ruffled line of shadowy pinks and grays and purples flecked with eternal snows—to Mrs. Hallet, as to most Denverites, one of the grandest views which earth might offer. "If there is any place duller than Denver in July, it must be Denver in August. So far as appearances go, the city has its best foot forward in summer, but sootily we are simply dead."

"Ah, the luxury of being dead for a little while!" returned her guest, with something in her laugh which called a keen light of inquiry into the soft blue eyes which had a certain trick of seeing most where they assumed to notice least. "You could promise me nothing better."

Although they had known each other but a short time, a warm affection had grown up between these two. It had happened a few months before this time that Barbara Hallet, returning with her boy from a winter in Egypt, had loitered in New York for a few weeks, when Edith, opportunistically visiting in that city, had received a peremptory demand from the Wyoming ranch that she go forthwith to call upon Nelsine's dearest friend from Denver. From a matter of duty this call had developed into a delight. Edith had fallen in love with the charming widow at first sight, and finding her planning a visit to her old home in a Massachusetts village had urged that the journey be extended to include a visit with her in Boston. This, daily occurring, had afforded opportunity to develop the impulsive affection each had conceived for the other, leading eventually to their journey west together and to Edith's visit in Denver now.

She could not have come to a better place to recover from the severe mental as well as physical strain to which she had been subjected. Barbara Hallet was that rare type of woman who can entertain without overentertaining her guests. Full of gracious thoughtfulness for the stranger within her gates, she was yet too unselfishly equipped with tact and womanly intuition to make her attentions intrusive or burdensome. To follow a guest about all day long with bustling sociability, as fussy, useless women are over doing, was a nightmare of duty which could not enter her mind. And Edith Ellery found herself in a gracious calm for which she was duly grateful. So fast events had tripped on one another's heels that now, in encompassing weariness of body as well as mind, the memory of the days just passed was as but the blurred outlines of a dream. It was as though she had awakened in another world, to woo forgetfulness in a languorous repose in which no note of discord could ever sound. With all the love which had grown up between them there had not been time in their brief acquaintance for anything like a real intimacy. Their lives had but touched on the surface. But Barbara Hallet had missed little that came within the range of her bright eyes during her two and thirty years of looking upon life, and she had been quick to perceive the change which this short month had wrought in her friend. "I am afraid Wyoming did not agree with you," she observed tentatively one day while Edith was lying on a couch near by in that inert listlessness which now seemed habitual. "I don't wonder. The dullness of that ranch life must be nearly insupportable. I am surprised that Nelsine can endure it as she does."

"She has Hugh, you know, and he is so perfectly devoted to her," Edith suggested perfunctorily, as if finding an effort in speaking at all. "They are very happy together."

"I know," a light of smiling enthusiasm on her face. "It is beautiful—her devotion—as beautiful as it is unusual. Their happiness in each other should be a lesson for you."

"For me! And why for me?" looking up surprisedly, a faint flush showing on her cheeks.

"Because some day you will marry yourself."

"And you think I should?"

"Marry some good fellow whom you can love just as Nelsine does Hugh."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed in a curious tone, turning away her face. But after a moment she added, not looking up: "But what if it is not one's nature to feel or to simulate great passion? Nelsine says she thinks it is not in me to make a goose of myself that way."

"Then you would better not presume to get married," Mrs. Hallet declared, with a dry laugh, "for a married old maid is a hopeless case."

"But do you not think that there can be such a thing as rational friendship between a man and wife, giving happiness?"

"My blood."

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

ness, even though sentiment is not out of the bargain?" asked the girl eagerly after a short silence.

"No, I don't," returned the other, very decidedly, her blue eyes quietly studying the flushed face that seemed trying to hide itself behind the sofa pillows. "No woman's heart could ever be satisfied for more than a moment with such a paltry makeshift, while, whatever the quality of a man's love, he never fails to demand full measure of passion in his wife and to feel defrauded of his right if it is denied him. If you are ever tempted to try such an experiment as that, dear, my advice to you is—don't." She laughed playfully, but there was a certain something in the depths of her eyes which reminded Edith of all Nelsine had told her about Mrs. Hallet's own married life.

"Why, thank you. I will at least remember your good counsel," but the answering playfulness was rather forced.

There was a silence of many moments between the two women. Little Paul had brought his plump pug to play on the leaturn at his mother's feet, filling the pause with a merry monologue. "Cough, Tommy, cough!" he would gayly command as his plump fists patted the wrinkled little back, and the small bit of solemnity, grown so fat it could scarce do more than kick in the fullness of exceeding content, would obediently give vent to a hazy growling which seemed curiously to delight the child's sense of humor. "Oh, mamma, isn't Tommy a joke?" he cried in a gurgle of childish laughter, throwing himself upon the floor. Both women laughed in sympathy with his abandon.

"What a darling he is!" Edith exclaimed, watching him with tender eyes.

"Is he not?" murmured the mother in a glow of happy pride. "And he is so much like my brother Paul, for whom he is named, when he laughs like that—as Paul was at his age. I have a picture of us both taken together when we were little tots, and the resemblance is very striking. I must show it to you some time."

"I did not know that you had a brother," Edith observed, sinking back upon the cushions once more. "A brother Paul. It is a pretty name," the last words curiously faltering.

"Poor fellow! I do not often mention him," Mrs. Hallet returned, sighing heavily. "He was the dearest fellow."

"He is—dead?"

"Yes, he was killed in a railway accident years ago. It was a dreadful shock. I adored him."

"How sad it must have been!" trying to speak with feeling, yet conscious of a certain hollowiness in the sound of her own voice. It seemed as if her heart were so completely filled with its own heaviness as to have no real emotion left for others' sorrows.

"I think. We never escape it," Mrs. Hallet went on absently, "for it is the one point on which poor father's mind is not quite right. Paul was his only son, and there were circumstances which made it very sad, his dying so. Father never recovered from the shock. He insists that Paul is not dead; that some day he will come back. He has his room always ready for him. He mentions him always at family prayers. He is continually referring to him in connection with the property after he, father, shall be gone. He has never even had a monument placed over the grave, although he brought the body home."

"He was dead, then, really?" Edith faltered, drawing a long breath, her thoughts reverting to that other Paul for whom an empty home place like this might somewhere be waiting.

"Oh, yes. There was no smallest doubt about that. Poor dear boy! It is such a comfort to me that Paul is like him. I was so fond of him."

"Yes," Edith listlessly assented. Why should it hurt her so merely to think of him, this other Paul who was alive? But he, too, was dead, dead to his people, dead to her! Why should she think of him? What good could it do? He was dead—dead—dead! She sprang up restlessly, beginning to pace the floor.

Mrs. Hallet caught hold of her gown as she passed. "What is it, dear? I have been selfishly prattling of my troubles. It is your turn now. Tell me and let me help."

"Why should you imagine that there is anything to tell?" the girl demanded, half defiantly. Yet her mood changing in an instant, she sank to a hassock at her friend's feet. "But of course there is—why should I deny it?—though I am afraid it may seem to you such a trifling matter that you will not laugh at me."

"Try me and see," answered her friend, stroking the flushed cheek caressingly.

"It is only that somebody asked me to marry him, and I didn't know what to say," Edith confessed, with a hysterical burst of laughter. "But you have helped me, dear; your words have been as apples of gold."

"But what did I say?" looking puzzled.

"You said if I were tempted to try the experiment—don't!" She laughed again, a queer, mirthless little laugh.

(Continued on third page.)

My blood.

My blood.

My blood.

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Returning, leave New York, from Pier 11 (old No. 1), 10:00 P. M. Monday, week days, only at 6:00 P. M. Eastward steamers leave at Newport at 11:15 A. M.

For tickets and statements apply at New York and Boston Despatch Agents, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

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Starvation

is not always due to lack of food. You can eat plenty and yet not be strong. Food does no good unless it is digested and assimilated. In cases of Consumption and wasting diseases the greatest difficulty is to feed the patient.

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OZONIZED EMULSION

OF NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

WITH GUAIACOL

THE FOE OF ALL TUBERCULOUS GERMS

is a food, perfect, digestible and assimilated, which gives strength, muscle, good blood and healthy flesh to all who use it.

This OIL is OZONIZED, i.e., charged with OXYGEN. It also contains GUAIACOL.

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FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

IN THE APIARY.

The Best Size of Frames and the Correct Number to the Hive.

1. Without taking into consideration the desirability of conforming to a standard size, would an eight frame hive having frames of the Langstroth length and 13 inches deep be better than an ordinary eight frame hive? 2. If so, why? If not, why not? 3. Would it be better than a ten frame Langstroth hive? 4. If so, why? If not, why not? 5. If there were no standard, what would you consider the best depth for a frame of Langstroth length, and how many of them should be in a hive if the frames are all in one story?

The foregoing was recently answered as follows in The American Bee Journal.

E. France wrote: I use the regular Langstroth frame, eight in each story, and three stories high for extracted honey. The Langstroth frame is good enough. Why bother or putter with odd sizes?

Professor A. J. Cook said: 1. We wish to work for comb honey, and shall have a best. 2. I prefer the regular eight frame hive. 3. I doubt if one uses a hanging frame if there is any better hive than Langstroth eight frame regular standard size.

C. H. Dillman replied: 1. Decidedly no. 2. For extracted honey there would be little objection, but for comb honey the bees have too far to travel. 3. I think not. 4. Because Langstroth is standard. 5. I should prefer ten frames not over seven inches deep.

Mrs. Jennie Atchley, Texas, answered: 1. Too much comb and weight in a frame that size for me. I do not think it would be as good. 2. Too deep for easy manipulation. If I were going to change the Langstroth frame at all in depth, I would make it shallower rather than deeper. 3 and 4. No, for reasons stated above. 5. About seven inches deep, ten frames to a hive, and with my experience I would have a hive only one story for either comb or extracted honey.

Dadant & Son write: We would use ten frames, say 13 inches deep and of Langstroth length. Our reasons are that the queen always lays eggs in a circle, and she should be able to lay as large an amount as possible without having to hunt. For this reason a shallower frame is objectionable. Another point in favor of the deeper frame is in the need of honey over the broad nest in extreme cold weather, as the bees often starve when the honey supply fails above them. A square frame would be better than any other if it were not that it leaves too little room above for surplus cases, which compels tiering up too high.

Mending Grain Sacks.

Mending the holes in grain sacks is a task that the farmer's wife dislikes; hence the holes gnawed by mice and rats are often stopped with a corn-cob or the sacks are thrown away. But here is a plan suggested by American Agriculturist that proves to be what every farmer needs. The articles needed for mending grain sacks are an old sack that may be cut up for pieces, a batter made of flour and cold water, a hot flatiron and an ironing board to fit inside the sacks. Place the board in a sack, with the hole to be mended on the upper side. Trim away the raveled edges with the shears or a sharp knife. Cut out a patch having at least an inch margin larger than the hole. On this margin apply a coat of the flour paste, place the patch in position and press it thoroughly with the hot flatiron. The batter penetrates both patch and sack and very firmly unites them. Pieces of denim, ducking or other stout material may be used where bagging is not available. The process is so rapid that 100 sacks may soon be repaired. Carpets may be neatly mended in the same manner without removing them from the floor.

Rules of Rotation.

As laid down by the Florida Times-Union the best rules are, first, crops of the same species and even of the same natural order should not succeed each other; second, plants with perpendicular roots should succeed those with spreading and superficial roots, and vice versa; third, crops which occupy the soil for several years, like asparagus, rhubarb, etc., should be followed by those of short duration; fourth, two crops alike favorable to the growth of weeds should not occupy the soil in succession; fifth, crops abstracting largely from the soil the sulphates, phosphates and nitrogen principles should not follow each other immediately, but be succeeded by those which draw less from the soil and more from the atmosphere—these exhausting crops should follow and be followed by those which bear and will profit by heavy manuring; sixth, plants grown for their roots or bulbs should not follow those grown for the same purpose, and still less should plants grown for their seeds follow each other directly in succession.

A Good Word for the Houdans.

Houdans stand at the head of the French varieties of poultry, and while their success here when first imported was not so triumphant as had been expected they were proved a great acquisition, being good layers and exceptionally fine for all table purposes. Their popularity, however, has increased very rapidly in the last few years, and they now bid fair to become one of the most popular and extensively bred varieties.

The Houdans mature very early—earlier, in fact, than almost any variety except the Hamburgs, and resemble the latter in the rapidity with which the chicks feather and the very common occurrence of nonvectors. Their flesh is very fine, a characteristic of all French breeds, and its delicacy is frequently thought greater than that of any of the Asiatic or heavier breeds, approaching in the 4-month-old broilers very near perfection.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache,

ment and forgery, has been postponed from Jan. 21 to Jan. 28.—John C. Hig.

turins by arachnids.—Rev. Fat
Stack of Watertown, Mass., is dead.
—Investigations into municipal legislation
proposed at Philadelphia.—Corrupt
among city officials of San Francisco
claimed by reform movement leaders.
—Nine Italians were fined at Boston
for sleeping in their bedrooms last winter
for sale.—Judge O. W. Holmes sent
volumes from the library of his late
the late Dr. Holmes, to the Athenaeum
Library at Pittsfield, Mass.—In the
German reichstag the motion of the Centre
for the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law passed
its second reading.—The Marchioness
Lorne is suffering from an attack of
bronchitis and is confined to her room.
—Owing to the rapid thaw, the river Humber
has suddenly risen, and a flooding of
territory along its banks is threatened.

One Lovely Democrat.

HARTFORD, Jan. 17.—In the senate
today the committee on contested elec-
tions presented a unanimous report on
the petition of William F. Gates to be
declared elected to the senate from the
Eleventh district, in place of Clark
Reynolds (Dem.). The report was
accepted and senator Reynolds was
expelled and William F. Gates declared
elected and sworn in. This makes
the senate stand 23 Republicans and 1 Democrat.

Murana Is President.

BOSTON, Jan. 17.—The annual meet-
ing of the New England Baseball league
was held yesterday. The pennant was
awarded to Fall River. An appeal will
be taken to the National board of arbitration
to ascertain what is New England's
territory. A schedule committee was
appointed to prepare a schedule. The season
will open April 27. T. H. Murana was
elected president.

FORCED TO ASSIGN.

layings Bank With Which Abbott Connected Closes Its Doors.

DOVER, N. H., Jan. 18.—The Dover Savings Bank, of which the Isaac F. Abbott, the defaulting cashier of the Dover National Bank, was cashier assigned yesterday on petition of United States Bank Commissioners Hatch and J. Ford. Judge Doe has appointed a receiver Hon. Joshua G. Hall, vice president of the institution.

Although this did not direct result in any action of the cashier, it was thought advisable by the directors of the bank to close the doors, in view of the financial disturbance now prevalent in this city, as well as on account of the not over-pleasant condition of the bank previous to this.

President Pinckett Tuttle.

BRIDGEFORD, CONN., Jan. 17.—The Pinckett, president of the pool room, is now in court charged with the possession of a pistol without a license when the Law and Order League recently obtained evidence, and on account of which they were hunted as officials of the city were arrested yesterday. The warrant was issued at the request of the officers of the League.

Fire Apparatus Needed.

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS., Jan. 18.—Rain and heavy wind and elevator out of W. M. Hoag & Co. were destroyed last night. Lack of adequate fire apparatus gave the flames full sway.

Leading
Clothiers, Hatters & Outfitters
208 Thames Street.

Great White Bear
BUTLER EXCHANGE

JAMES GOHM,
54 Broadway



JAMES GOHM,
54 Broadway

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Furniture.

M. A. McCormick,
Carpenter and Builder.
All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates cheerfully given.
RESIDENCE—31 DEARBORN STREET.
SHOP—KINGLEY'S WHARF.

Alex. N. Barker,
DEALER IN
Lumber & Hard Ware
BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.
205, THAMES ST.
—AND—
LOPEZ WHARF,
NEWPORT, R. I.

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LAW OFFICES
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Architect & Builder,
Plans and Estimates furnished on application.
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Nuts.
At the very lowest possible prices.
Also
Canaries
—AND—
Brass Cages.
W. F. Williamson,
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Stone Cutter, Monumental and Building Work,
COR. FARMWELL & WALNOT STS.,
NEWPORT, R. I.

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CALL PERSONS desiring of having water introduced into their residences or places of business, should make application at the office of
W. S. SLOOM, Treasurer.
Office Hours from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.
J. D. JOHNSTON'S
PATENTED
Automatic Blind Catch
for securing outside blinds.
Has No Equal.
Strong, Durable,
and never fails to secure the blind in open or closed position. Try them!
25 CENTS PER SET.
If you are putting on;
STORM SASHES
USE
Johnston's Automatic Storm Sash.
Pastor,
THE BEST THING
of its kind now on the market. For sale by the Patentee and Manufacturer,
J. D. JOHNSTON,
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DEALER IN
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, ALSO
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16 Franklin St., Newport, R. I.
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Oak Chamber Sets, \$28
Mattresses, 3
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Baby Carriages, from 5 to 10
Wall Papers, 5c to \$5
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NEWPORT STONE WORKS.
H. G. BURNS, Proprietor.

GRANITE WORK
For every description, including all kinds of
BUILDING & MONUMENTAL WORK.
A good stock of BLUE STONE, constantly on hand.
42 Long Wharf, foot Whittier Av.
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Salvator Beer,
Bottled and in Bulk,
HOLIDAYS.

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The Brain

is the seat of our intelligence; when that is affected, our mind, memory, reason itself, is impaired. Indigestion and Dyspepsia are the most frequent causes of headaches, and show the necessity for immediate attention, or a fit of sickness may be imminent. It is well to know what at once relieves this state of affairs; but you also want to prevent a recurrence.

MR. RICHARD DUNSE of 5 Welcome St., NEW BEDFORD, MASS., says that

Dana's
SARSAPARILLA

The Kind That Cures

is, I believe, the only cure for Dyspepsia in the market; myself and many of my friends have been CURED of Dyspepsia by it. Do not wait until Dyspepsia gets a strong hold of you; it is difficult to shake it off then. When you feel out of sorts, appetite not very good, distress after eating, dizziness or pains in the head, you know you need a remedy. DANA'S will CURE you.

See that you get DANA'S.

BIMETALLISM IN EUROPE.

Parliament to Discuss the Subject—Spanish Counterfeits Using Low Priced Silver.

Samuel Smith, a Liberal member, secured the first place on Tuesday, May 1, for a motion in favor of international bimetalism. An important debate is expected. Sir William Harcourt, the leader of the house, is now inclined to meet the motion with a direct negative, but great pressure is being brought to bear upon him to treat it as an open question, so that every member will be at liberty to vote without fear of displeasing the party whips. The bimetalists are confidently prophesying a considerable majority, but are secretly nervous, owing to an ill defined rumor that Gladstone intends to take part in the debate and oppose the motion. This is scarcely likely.

A well informed organ of bimetalism alleges that the coinage of counterfeit French franc pieces is proceeding in Spain on an extensive scale. The forgers can afford to make the spurious pieces entirely of silver and still realize a handsome profit, while the coins are so well made that detection is impossible. According to the same authority, the English police have reason to suspect that similar fraud is being practiced here in the manufacture of 5 shilling pieces and half crowns.—New York Sun's London Letter.

THE RED PEPPER TREATMENT.

Unusual Punishment Inflicted by a New Hampshire Schoolteacher.

The cruel and unusual method of punishment frequently adopted by the young woman who teaches one of the grammar schools in the adjoining town of North Hampton has been creating no little ill feeling. It has been the custom of the teacher, who came highly recommended from a Massachusetts normal school, to place cayenne pepper upon the tongues of the offending pupils, and upon their refusal to open their mouths to rub it upon their faces and even into their eyes.

Parents and pupils protested vigorously, but the school board upheld the teacher and expelled nine pupils, several of them girls just entering upon womanhood. As a result a stormy annual school election was carried by the friends of the expelled pupils, and the retiring members of the school board were defeated for re-election. The teacher, however, has been re-engaged, against the wishes of a strong majority of the voters of the district, and this has caused a continuation of the ill feeling.—Exeter (N. H.) Special to Chicago Inter Ocean.

Suspected Politician.

The American delegates to the sanitary conference in Paris have been in a delicate and difficult position owing to their attempts to secure incidentally facilities to enable America to exclude undesirable immigrants. The measures which proposed this end have been based ostensibly on scientific grounds, but the other delegates suspected political significance and resented the propositions. The American representatives are able to accomplish little on these lines.—Paris Illustration.

Koal-spar
FACTS!

5th. Koal-spar prevents soot and cinders.
6th. Koal-spar saves 25% of your Coal Bill

One package of Koal-spar costing 25 Cents, saves one quarter ton of coal, hard or soft.

Descriptive Circulars Free to Consumers.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and address on a postal card, and we will see that it is placed within your reach.

THE KOAL-SPAR CO.,
51 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

JAMES A. RANDALL
General Agent, 126 Spring St., Newport

Woman's Dep't.

Women and Municipal Reform.

As the meeting lately held in the interest of municipal reform, a distressing picture was drawn of our city government and corruption from which our large cities are suffering, and various plans were proposed for bringing about a better state of things. But, in almost every case, the radical remedy would be to enfranchise the women.

The trouble in our cities is not unduly with the law or the city council, but with the class of men chosen to administer the law. There is, elsewhere, the great need is "Not more laws, but men." The laws are not perfect, but in most respects they are fairly good. What is needed is city officers who will honestly carry them out. How to fill the city offices with honest men, instead of men who will use their positions mainly as a stage-ground for plunder—that is the great problem. To solve it, all sorts of devices were proposed, but the one practical solution that lies close at hand was passed by.

Women have had municipal suffrage now for many years, in hundreds of cities. Everywhere experience has shown the truth of Henry Ward Beecher's prediction, uttered nearly forty years ago, "when woman suffrage was still an untried experiment. Mr. Beecher said:

"Not every man at all conversant with public affairs knows that you are obliged to choose men for office with reference to those who are to vote for them, and that, if men were selected whose election depended as much upon the votes of women as upon the votes of men, not one bad man would be put up, where there are fifty secret ones?"

Judge Valentine, of the Kansas Supreme Court, after observing for some years the effect of the woman's vote in municipal elections, said:

"The women's votes have generally been cast in favor of good officers and good government. When it is known that women may vote at city elections if they choose, only the names of fairly good men or fairly good women will be presented for office, for, as a rule, only such can be elected."

In Wyoming, where women have had full suffrage a quarter of a century, they have shown a uniform tendency to vote for the best man, irrespective of party. The general testimony, from governors and judges and men of all shades of political opinion, is that the women look at the character of the individual candidate, not at his party label. Unconscious testimony to the same effect is borne even by the opponents of equal suffrage. Thus a man who had formerly lived in Wyoming wrote to a New York paper declaring that woman suffrage in that State was a failure; that the inveterate tendency of the woman was to vote for an unflattering gentleman, regardless of his politics, and to "kiss" a candidate who did not attend Sunday school. In most of our large cities, the respectable citizens would give a good deal to have the city officers filled by "in-offensive gentlemen" of any political complexion, instead of by the offensive spoils-hunters who now riot there.

One of Longfellow's poems describes a sculptor haunted by the vision of a beautiful statue, which he tried in vain to carve out of the finest marble imported from a distance. Late one night, as he brooded despondently by the fire, a sudden inspiration came to him. He took a lump of any old stone, quashed it, and carved from it a statue which at last realized his dream.

Earnest and well-meaning men are trying to devise means for bringing about a permanently good municipal government. Many of them are discouraged. They are proposing all sorts of far-fetched schemes, while the simple but effective means of realizing their dreams is close at hand, by their own hands.

The mass of women are good and not bad. They love order, cleanliness and economy; they hate roydianism and waste; they would have small patience with extravagant junketing and squandering of the public funds. As voters, they habitually prefer good men to bad ones for office. This is no longer an untried theory, but a demonstrated fact. Why not utilize these general characteristics of women for the cause of good government? A. S. B.

It is not the principle of universal suffrage that I oppose, but ignorant, impetuous, immoral, "manly" suffrage; while sex is made a disqualification for all women. I am opposed to the domination of one sex over the other. It cultivates arrogance in the one, and destroys self respect in the other. I am opposed to the admission of another man, either foreign or native, to the polling-booth, until woman, the greatest factor in civilization, is first enfranchised. An aristocracy of men, composed of all types, and degrees of intelligence and ignorance, is not the most desirable substratum for government. To subject intelligent, highly educated, virtuous, honorable women to the behests of such an aristocracy is the height of cruelty and injustice. Our government, religion and social life are all on a masculine basis. Forces in man, which, if complemented by the opposites in women, in moderation are virtues, in excess are dangerous vices. His courage, his love of exploration and command, his violence, recklessness, love of money, display and strong drink; all unchecked—are responsible, in a measure, for our terrible accidents by land and sea, for our confagurations and defilements, for all the dishonor unearned by investigating committees in every department of government. The remedy for all this is education of the higher, more tender sentiments in womanly, the mother-thought omnipresent in every department of life. Her ideal must be represented in the State, the church and the home. This must be done before we can take another step in civilization. The key to all this is the right of suffrage, the ballot in the hands of women.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Governor Greenhalge, in his inaugural address of Jan. 3, 1893, rebukes his recommendation of woman suffrage as follows:

I hold to the views expressed in the message of last year as to the extension of municipal suffrage to women.

Well said, Governor Greenhalge. Now let the Legislature!

Hogheas is of Rum for the Soldiers.

The prohibitionists of today would have been horrified at a resolution passed by Congress in September, 1777, directing the commissary general to purchase 20 hogheas of rum to be distributed among soldiers in compensation for their gallant behavior in the battle of Brandywine. [Pittsburgh Press.]

Smythe—Too bad Miss Brown's to be so far away, isn't it, Charles?
Charles—Yes, yes, my boy.
Smythe—Why, d'ye know, I've been to the beach for glasses to bed.
Charles—How's that, flav'ry?
Smythe—So she can recognize the people she meets in her dreams.—Life.



—over to good health and rendered impervious to disease when the blood is pure and the liver active.

For the liver is the sentinel which permits or forbids the germs of disease to enter the circulation of the blood. You ought to be germ-proof against Grip, Malaria, or Consumption; you will be—if you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When your flesh is reduced below a healthy standard, when you are troubled with pimples and boils, or if you have dizzy, weak and sleepless spells—it's best to heed the warnings.

Build up your strength, purify the blood, and set all the organs of the body into activity; by taking the "Discovery" it's guaranteed to benefit or cure all the diseases resulting from impure blood or inactive liver, or the money paid is refunded.

For a perfect and permanent cure of Catarrh, take Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer \$500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head. Costs only 50 cents.

Bite of Information.

The flattening of the poles of Jupiter can be seen through the telescope.

The serpent moves by elevating the scales of its abdomen and pulling itself along.

Mosquitoes inject poison into the wounds they inflict to make the blood thin enough to flow through their throats.

Cuvier is authority for the statement that the life of a whale may extend over a period exceeding one thousand years.

The Red Sea takes its name from the fact that portions of it are covered with minute animals which dye the water.

The shock to a passenger in the sudden stoppage of an express train is as great as in falling out of a third-story window.

The eyeball is white, because the blood vessels that feed its substance are so small that they do not admit the red corpuscles.

In calms the sea off the Cape Verde Islands is sometimes so bright with phosphorescence as to make it possible to read the smallest print at night.

Crops are protected by the snow. When the air above a thick coating of snow was 30° below zero, it was found the earth beneath was 33° above zero.

According to Galton the putriferous odor of the tiger is not only unchangeable throughout life, but the odor of the tiger prints of two persons doing alike is less than one in 10,000,000,000.

Hints for Dyspepsics.

Some trusting soul has written to the secretary of the Anti-Dyspepsia Club to know how to cure dyspepsia. His reply may do suffering thousands good. "Never eat a meal when you are tired. Either sit down or lie down ten or fifteen minutes to rest before eating, if you have been waiting or doing anything of an exciting nature. Half of the cases of dyspepsia are due to nervous debility. Eggs, if eaten three times a day in the morning, will produce effluvia and often dyspepsia. Never go to bed with cold feet. Gentle exercise before retiring is conducive to sweet slumber and a healthy digestion. Exercise a little before breakfast; and never eat oatmeal with sour cream. Avoid stimulants, for they only give a false appetite and no relief. Do not swallow heavily ice water. Baxton, not use ice water at all. Never eat in a hurry. Avoid quick lunches. Exercise moderately every day in the open air and healthy digestion will drive away dyspepsia. These are the hygienic rules of the club." [New York Commercial Advertiser.]

A minister in Florida had been laboring hard to raise money for a church. Finally a friend from the North sent him the best hundred dollar note he had, and the day he received it he was presented with a son and heir. The day following the congregation shook with suppressed laughter, when the poor man, thinking only of the donation, thanked God for the small success that had just arrived.—[V. H. McRory.]

The sugar-coating, which makes Ayer's Pills so easy to take, dissolves immediately on reaching the stomach, and exerts the full strength and benefit of the medicine to be promptly communicated. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac, just out.

Constant work is the greatest performer of wonders.

Dyspepsia seldom causes death, but permits its victims to live in misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles.

Cleanliness is the factor to which other men owe their success.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength and vitality. It makes you blooming and gives the color to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's for Hood's Sarsaparilla. [Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them with benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes. See advertisement elsewhere.]

Never show friend mercy.

The use of Hall's Hair Renewer promotes the growth of the hair, and restores its natural color and beauty, frees the scalp of dandruff, itching, and all impurities.

Merit not from false to wit.

Poor Digestion.

Leads to rheumatism, indigestion, nervous chronic dyspepsia, and gray hair. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It cures the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It makes you blooming and gives the color to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's for Hood's Sarsaparilla. [Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them with benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes. See advertisement elsewhere.]

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

No liar can be a true hero.

THE ENGINEER.

Of the Wakefield, Mass., Rattle Works, C. S. Toomey, says: In all cases of biliousness accompanied with those terrible sick headaches, I have found no other relief than that which is afforded by the use of your "Siphon" medicine. It is the best family medicine made.

S. S. Department.

Sunday School Lesson—Jan. 20.

John 6: 25-35.

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Lesson Introduction.

This section properly includes the review of the last lesson and the whole of John 6.

The time was a Sabbath early in April, A. D. 29, the day after the last lesson. From the fact that the part of the discourse was given to the synagogue it is inferred that the day was the Jewish Sabbath.

The place was Capernaum, on the northwest shore of the lake of Galilee. The effect of the miracle of the loaves was so great that the people sought to make Jesus their king by force. But his disciples, taking advantage of the discontent of the people, would not overthrow the Roman power, making Jerusalem their capital, and enter upon the glorious career which God had promised; but Jesus constrained his disciples to set out by boat while he remained the great multitude and their brethren into the mountains to pray. While there he perceived that his disciples were tossed by the temptations of the lake, unable to make their harbor. He went to them a way on the water. They thought him an apparition. Peter attempted to walk on the water, became frightened, and was saved from sinking by Jesus. The wind ceased, and they reached the shore. The people knew Jesus, brought their sick to him, and all who touched him were healed. Meanwhile some of the multitude that had been fed, finding that Jesus had gone away, took it that he had come from Tibers and went to Capernaum, seeking Jesus. The lesson then follows.

Explanatory Notes.

25 And when they found him on the other side of the sea, they said unto him, Rabbi, when camest thou hither? Jesus answered them and said, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Ye seek me, not because ye saw signs, but because ye ate of the loaves, and were filled. He saith, Verily, verily, I say unto you, that the son of man shall give you, for him the Father, who liveth and hath sent him, that he should give life unto the world. For the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent.

Other side of the sea: At or near

